

# OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH.".....SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME I.

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 27, 1825.

Number 20.

## THE OBSERVER

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY  
ASA BARTON,  
For the Proprietors, at two dollars per annum, payable semi-annually.

SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR THE OBSERVER  
Will be received, by the following gentlemen,  
Andover.....JAMES F. BRAGG, Esq.  
Bethel.....Mr. MOSES BARTLETT.  
Buckfield.....Capt. AARON PARSONS,  
Columbia.....E. L. HAMLIN, Esq.  
Canton.....Hon. CORNELIUS HOLLAND.  
Dixfield.....HENRY FARWELL, Esq.  
Hartford.....EDWARD BLAKE, Esq.  
Jay.....Hon. JAMES STARR, Junior.  
Livermore.....SAMUEL MORRISON, Esq.  
N. Livermore.....REUEL WASHBURN, Esq.  
Minot.....Mr. JOSHUA PARSONS.  
Sumner.....Doctor RATHBURN CAREY.  
Weld.....FREEMAN ELLIS, Esq.  
Waterford.....Doctor JOHN P. FRENCH.

## THE REPOSITORY.

### FOR THE OBSERVER.

It was one of those delightful evenings in autumn when the moon rides in full splendor in the sky, and all nature appears in her mild and melancholy aspect. The hum of business had died away upon the ear, and the laborer had returned to his cottage. I had passed the last cottage of a little village, whose lowly huts, though the abodes of want, were ever open to the stranger, and where the last morsel of bread was freely spread before the needy. Here I had contemplated passing the night, but the beautiful evening, such as Ohio alone enjoys, seemed to invite me to ramble still farther on my journey. For several miles I passed along in sweet meditation, till weariness compelled me to seek shelter for the night. Guided by the faint glimmerings of a light, I directed my course a little from the common road, and arrived at the door of a farmer. "Come in" was the answer to a gentle tap—entered—cast my eye around the neat room, and took a glance of the family circle seated around a moderate fire. A venerable old man, on whose head were strown the frost of some sixty winters, with a hearty salutation, invited me to partake of the comforts of his fire-side. "While God gives me the means I now possess, welcome, thrice welcome, the stranger to all my little hut affords. Stranger, in peace you have come, till morning you will not depart." I gave him my most hearty acknowledgments and accepted his kind invitation. I was in the bloom of youth, ardent and gay, but there was something in the conduct of the veteran peculiarly attracting, which caused the air of melancholy. He seemed particularly to delight in repeating the tales of ancient days, and the exploits of his youth—"Young man," said he, "you know as yet but little of the troubles of life; youth glides along like the beautiful river; what few cares it has, like the gentle apple on its surface, tend only to adorn and beautify." He continued for some time in his moral lecture—warned me of vices his age had rendered him capable of pointing out, though to me concealed. "Trust not," he continued, "the caprices of the world; no, not even a friend; a brother may betray a brother, strong as is the tie that connects them. In the State of Virginia I once dwelt, where I lived in affluence; but from friends and relatives, I sought a retreat in these wilds. The treachery of a brother—here he paused and looked around as if fearful to proceed—"yes, a stranger is always a friend, and to you I may tell my tale. By the treachery of a brother I was robbed of the dearest object of my affection—and wealth alone had no charms for me. At the time when the war commenced between England and the colonies, I had just settled on an estate left me by my venerable father, who died a few years before. I had just married a wife—beautiful and accomplished. I loved her as my life; I almost adored her. But amid the scenes of domestic felicity, I felt I had higher duties to perform; my country needed men to fight her battles, and her voice I could not disregard. I accepted an ensign's commission, and joined the army. A brother of mine, older than myself, had previously enlisted in her ranks, and great was my joy on finding we were both to be in the same regiment. In various battles we fought within sight of each other—honor and applause were always attendant on our arms. At the memorable battle of Yorktown, double portion of glory fell to my share; indeed, sir, I fought as if my country was at stake; and when the shout of victory was given, it was as the sound of the opening gates of Heaven "on golden hinges turning." But the noise and din of about in quest of subsistence, begging from

arms had died away, and I retired to a neighboring grove to offer thanksgiving to the God of our preservation. When the short prayer was offered, and I had arisen to retire, I was surprised to see, directly before me, a man with a pistol aimed toward my heart. He was dressed in tattered garments and evidently in disguise. He spoke not a single word when I inquired what was his desire. He essayed to fire, but the weapon, more humane than its possessor, refused to give the deadly charge. He tried his pistol again, but still it refused to perform the murderous office. Then throwing it away, he was deliberately drawing another from his bosom, when I made an attempt and seized him by the arms; a struggle ensued, but he burst himself away by his superior strength. As he departed, a small pocket-book, which had fallen from his pocket during the struggle, was left behind—and a shot from the pistol which he still retained, and which he turned at a short distance to discharge, gave me a slight wound in the thigh. The man was gone, and I returned to the camp—Judge my surprise, when, on opening the wallet, I found the hand writing and the papers of my brother! A chill, as it were, of death, came over me, when I saw the superscription of a letter in the well known hand writing of my wife. It was of a late date, and written in confidence. Oh! it told a tale at which my heart sickened, and I fell almost lifeless on the ground.—After I recovered, I gave orders that my brother should be sent for immediately, but he was no where to be found. Soon as my health and spirit would permit, I returned to my late happy residence—but oh! how changed! My own dwelling was barred along in sweet meditation, till weariness compelled me to seek shelter for the night. Guided by the faint glimmerings of a light, I directed my course a little from the common road, and arrived at the door of a farmer. "Come in" was the answer to a gentle tap—entered—cast my eye around the neat room, and took a glance of the family circle seated around a moderate fire. A venerable old man, on whose head were strown the frost of some sixty winters, with a hearty salutation, invited me to partake of the comforts of his fire-side. "While God gives me the means I now possess, welcome, thrice welcome, the stranger to all my little hut affords. Stranger, in peace you have come, till morning you will not depart." I gave him my most hearty acknowledgments and accepted his kind invitation. I was in the bloom of youth, ardent and gay, but there was something in the conduct of the veteran peculiarly attracting, which caused the air of melancholy. He seemed particularly to delight in repeating the tales of ancient days, and the exploits of his youth—"Young man," said he, "you know as yet but little of the troubles of life; youth glides along like the beautiful river; what few cares it has, like the gentle apple on its surface, tend only to adorn and beautify." He continued for some time in his moral lecture—warned me of vices his age had rendered him capable of pointing out, though to me concealed. "Trust not," he continued, "the caprices of the world; no, not even a friend; a brother may betray a brother, strong as is the tie that connects them. In the State of Virginia I once dwelt, where I lived in affluence; but from friends and relatives, I sought a retreat in these wilds. The treachery of a brother—here he paused and looked around as if fearful to proceed—"yes, a stranger is always a friend, and to you I may tell my tale. By the treachery of a brother I was robbed of the dearest object of my affection—and wealth alone had no charms for me. At the time when the war commenced between England and the colonies, I had just settled on an estate left me by my venerable father, who died a few years before. I had just married a wife—beautiful and accomplished. I loved her as my life; I almost adored her. But amid the scenes of domestic felicity, I felt I had higher duties to perform; my country needed men to fight her battles, and her voice I could not disregard. I accepted an ensign's commission, and joined the army. A brother of mine, older than myself, had previously enlisted in her ranks, and great was my joy on finding we were both to be in the same regiment. In various battles we fought within sight of each other—honor and applause were always attendant on our arms. At the memorable battle of Yorktown, double portion of glory fell to my share; indeed, sir, I fought as if my country was at stake; and when the shout of victory was given, it was as the sound of the opening gates of Heaven "on golden hinges turning." But the noise and din of about in quest of subsistence, begging from

loitered a few moments by the grave, I followed them.

In crossing the farm, now that the concourse of people had disappeared, I beheld the tokens of that sudden calamity, which had overwhelmed its inhabitants, in every direction; a plough lay overturned in the furrow; an axe was rusting by a pile of wood; and a wagon half unloaded stood in the lane. In the general panic every thing had been left in the situation it happened to be at that moment. These had been, perhaps unnoticed that day by any other; but to me, each little incident spoke in a voice that reached the heart.—It is sad; it is melancholy; it is touching; the spectacle of grief's pale messenger, as it is displayed even in the minutest traces of its footsteps or its effects.

De Wilter, now lay cold in the neglected grave yard, but in his pleasant mansion the table was spread out and loaded with all the luxuries of the season. His friends, it seemed, had gathered to a feast. The weeping widow had indeed retired to her solitary chamber, with her infant orphans—She felt; ah, she felt the loss of all most dear to her upon the earth. But at the door sat two sage and venerable men, gravely discussing the advantages that would arise from their procuring power to administer on his estate, and the means of so doing—while in the corner of the room, carrying on an earnest conversation in whispers, sat a couple more, planning how they should contrive to purchase the farm at the lowest possible rate.

I had scarcely turned away from these last "friends of the family," before we were called to dinner. Every successive dish, here as it swept away, was plentifully seasoned with anecdote and mirth; and before the last course was removed, the scenes of the mourning appeared utterly obliterated.

"It was the way of the world," I knew, but then it seemed unnatural. How it was, I cannot tell, but a sensation, the thrill of which still runs through my blood when I think of it, came across me—and yet I recollect that so passes the bright prospects of the world: so passes the uncertain flash of friendship; so passes youth and manhood; the gallant, the gay, the lovely, and the rich; so passes man to his destiny.—Shall I not superadd—*Sic transit gloria mundi.*

*Butler's Reminiscences.*—The prolixity of legal instruments has been sometimes, even in this country, the subject of popular complaint; but the following anecdotes, related by Mr. Butler, will show it to be an evil arising necessarily from the complicated nature of commercial business, and from the control which every man wishes to possess over his own property.

A gentleman having six estates of unequal value, wished to settle them, by his last will, on his six sons respectively, and their respective heirs male, with a proviso, that if any one of his sons should die without male issue, his estate should be inherited by his next son, whose estate should in like manner shift to the next one, and so on through the whole; with a final gift over to other heirs. Mr. Butler, on preparing the will, supposed at first that this might be effected by one proviso; then by two; then by six; but upon a full investigation it was found that it required as many provisos as there can be combinations of the number 6. Consequently, to give complete effect to the intention of the testator, seven hundred and twenty provisos were necessary.

On another occasion, ten persons having engaged in a mining adventure, a deed of partnership was proposed, which should contain a stipulation that if any one or more of the intended partners should advance money to any one or more of the others, such advance should be a charge on his or their interest in the land. Consequently, a deed was necessary that should subject the estate to as many possible mortgages as there can be combinations of the number 10. But in England there is a stamp duty of £25 upon all mortgages for an indefinite sum, and it was found by calculation, that if the intent of the parties were carried into effect the expense of stamps would be ninety millions seven hundred and twenty-two thousand pounds sterling.

*Blunders of Legislation.*—There was an article in the Spanish constitution, which enacted, that every man must be humane and charitable. This absurdity has been equalled in some minor legislations at home. Some years ago, the publishers of the monthly periodicals, finding that the last day of the month sometimes happened on a Sunday, had a meeting at the London Coffee House, when to remedy the inconvenience, it was resolved that the publishing day should be the last day but one of the month, never dreaming that it would as frequently fall on a Sunday as any other day. Both of these blunders are outstripped by one of the laws of the Mechanic's Institution, which declares that the first Tuesday in every month shall happen before the first Wednesday. Unluckily for the Solons who drew up this code, they cannot foresee, and in the present month, (September,) the first Wednesday falls six days before the first Tuesday; and proceedings which were to take place on consecutive days are delayed a week.—*Ergo, p.*

A Jack Tar just returned from sea, met his old mate, Bet Blowzy. He was so overjoyed that he determined to commit matrimony; but at the altar the person demurred, as there was not cash enough between them to pay the fees; on which Jack, thrusting a few shillings into his cassock, exclaimed, "No, my mind batters, marry as far as will go."

## THE OBSERVER.

PARIS, THURSDAY, JANUARY 30, 1825.

**THE NEXT PRESIDENT.** At present, every thing appears calm and tranquil at Washington relative to the approaching election of President. Whether the particular friends of each of the competitors for that important office have relaxed in their exertions, or are now busily engaged in forming schemes, which may soon be put into execution, in order to ensure success, remains yet uncertain. However, be that as may be, we are inclined to think, that the good judgment and sound discretion of the Representatives will guide them in their choice, without stirring up those acrimonious feelings which were excited in "days gone by."

We understand the bill establishing an additional term of the S. J. Court and the C. C. Pleas in this County has become a law.

**SUPPORT OF PAUPERS.** We would invite the attention of our readers to the following statement, respecting the support of paupers. We have no manner of doubt but that the tax paid in this town might be lessened considerably if the plan here spoken of were adopted—Nor are we inclined to believe but that its adoption would prove equally beneficial in many other towns.

**Worthy of Attention.**—The Pauper Farm owned by the town of Ipswich, Massachusetts, containing about three hundred acres, produced the last year, seventy tons of hay; and there are kept on it 46 head of cattle, 25 sheep and other domestic animals. It affords ample supplies for sustaining and clothing fifty paupers, by whom the greater part of the necessary labor upon the farm is performed.—"Without doubt," says the New-England Farmer, "in a few years, under judicious management, these paupers will cause no other expense to the town than the interest of the money paid for the farm. Similar establishments, calculated on a plan for the paupers to earn their own support, are in successful operation in the towns of Salem, and Danvers. This is a project worthy the attention of every town burthened with a tax for the support of paupers. Reason and justice require that those who throw themselves on the charity of the public, as a consequence of their own idleness and vices, should be compelled to labor for their support."—*Paulson's Adr.*

At the annual communication of the Grand Lodge of Maine, at Mason's Hall in Portland on Thursday the 13th day of January, 1825, the following officers were elected and appointed for the year ensuing, viz.: M. W. William Swan, Esq. of Portland, G. M. R. W. Charles Fox, Esq. of Portland, D. G. M. " " Samuel Fessenden, Esq. of Portland, S. G. W. " " George Thacher, Esq. of Saco, J. G. T. " " Joseph M. Gerrish, Esq. of Portland, G. T. " " William Lord, of Portland, Rec. G. Secy. " " James L. Child, Esq. of Alna, Cor. G. Secy. " " Jesse Robinson, Esq. of Hallowell, G. M. " " Rev. Jona. Greenleaf, of Wells, Grand " " Rev. Sam'l. Rand, of Portland, Chap. " " Rev. G. W. Olney, of Gardner, Chancery " " Benja. D. Bartlett, of Bath, S. G. Deacon. " " Isaac Lincoln, of Brunswick, G. D. " " Eleazar Wier, of Portland, " " G. Stev. " " Nelson Racklyft, of Portland, " " G. Stev. " " Amos Nourse, of Hallowell, " " Gards. " " Oliver Griswold, of Fryeburg, " " G. Pursuit. " " Sam'l. Stephenson, of Gorham, G. S. B. " " Seth Clark of Portland, " " G. Pursuit. " " O. S. Hartshorn, of Portland, " " G. Pursuit. " " William Stevens, of Portland, G. Tyler.

**District Deputy Grand Masters.**

" " Dan'l. Granger, of Saco, First District.

" " Cornelius Holland, Esq. of Canton, S. D.

" " Peleg Sprague, Esq. of Hallowell, T. D.

" " Robert P. Dunlap, Esq. of Brunswick, F. D.

" " Jacob McGaw, of Bangor, Fifth District.

**Fire.**—Last evening between six and seven o'clock, the citizens of Portland were alarmed by the cry of fire. The bells were rung and the citizens promptly assembled. The fire originated in Exchange-street, in the Store occupied by Mr. Appleton for English Goods, next above the Cumberland Bank. The weather being very cold, large fires had been kept which communicated with some wood connected with the chimney, and the fire had burnt a hole through the roof before it was discovered; but had made so little progress that it was soon extinguished. The weather was extremely cold, and the wind blew so fresh that had the fire obtained the mastery over one building it might have spread an extensive desolation.—Scarcely any thing can be more appalling on such a night as that was, than to hear the sound of the bells for fire. This was the first alarm of the kind we have had the present season.

*E. Agus.*

**Piracy.**—A bill is now before the Senate of the United States, "for the suppression of Piracy in the West Indies." It proposes to authorize the President to cause to be built ten sloops of war, not less than 20 guns each. The second and third sections authorize the commanders and crews of the armed vessels of the United States, under such instructions as may be given by the President, "in the fresh pursuit of Pirates on the Island of Cuba, or any other of the Islands of Spain, in the West Indies, to land, whenever it may be necessary to secure the capture of the said Pirates, and there to subdue, vanquish, and capture them, to deliver them up to the authority of the Island where captured, or to bring them to the United States for trial and adjudication; as the said instructions of the President of the United States may prescribe," and if such Pirates should escape from the fresh pursuit of our armed vessels and find refuge in the cities or ports of the said Islands, authorize the President to declare such city or port to be in a state of blockade, and to cause the same to be invested by a naval force. The bill also contains various other provisions.

*Boston W. Messenger.*

The following letter to Messrs. Myers & Hyde, editors of the Chronicle of the Times, a newspaper printed in Reading, N. Y., contains too much truth, we think, to be lost. We do not publish it at this time on account of having lost subscribers for our Observer; but we publish it, that should any wish to withdraw, they will see how much they would save by so doing; and should any wish to subscribe for it, they too may know how much they can save by it.

" Gent.—I am a democrat and a warm friend to Gen. Jackson. When your boy left the last Chronicle at my door, I opened it immediately and read two original articles, signed Dorin

and Americans, reflecting so severely upon the character and pretensions of the Hero of New-Orleans, that I was ready to lift myself off the floor by my ears. I was down to your office, paid you off and stopped my paper, in fifteen minutes by my stop watch; and in fifteen more had told all the office holders in the public buildings, for I thought they had the control over your columns and a knowledge of every thing published there. Then going home, I chanced to mention it to two or three other persons, who showed their toothless gums so much, that as I went the rest of my way home, I began to reflect upon what I had done. Going into my shop and taking a piece of chalk, I sat upon my bench and made the following calculation, thinking I would see how much the roguish young editors would suffer by the loss of a subscriber:

The price of their paper is \$2 a year; well, there are 52 sheets, which cost them about 1 cent per sheet, \$0.52. The labor in setting the types, correcting the proof-sheets, working off and folding, is—is—la me! I could not do it for 100 dollars—about 1.00. The ink they print with, 0.05. Wearing of the printing materials, 0.10. 52 trips of the carrier, 1-1/2 miles each, making 13 miles a year, is worth 0.35. \$1.92.

Bless me, do they only lose 8 cents by my withdrawal from their list? said I to myself.—I was indeed flattering myself that I should punish you to the amount of 2 dollars for every year you printed the Chronicle, when behold it is no more than 8 cents; a paltry seven-pence! Taking up my chalk again I thought I would see if I myself might be the loser in not taking the newspaper; and to my infinite greater astonishment, it was the fact, as the following calculation shows:

It is worth for my own reading, or if they would print it to please me I would not be without it for My wife says it is worth more than all the novels in the world; so to her it is surely worth To my children it is of more benefit than Murray's Reader; Butman's Spelling book and Comley's Primer which cost in a year for my five children, at least For wrapping paper it is worth

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

0.25

## U. S. CONGRESS.

[Last week's omission.]

IN SENATE.—Monday, January 3.

Mr. Smith, from the Joint Committee appointed to announce to General Lafayette the passage of the act in his favor, and to request his acceptance of the provision made for him, reported to the Senate the following copy of an address of the committee to the General, and his reply :

*From the Joint Committee to General Lafayette.*

**GENERAL:** We are a Committee of the Senate and House of Representatives, charged with the office of informing you of the passage of an act, a copy of which we now present. You will perceive from this act, sir, that the two Houses of Congress, aware of the large pecuniary as well as other sacrifices which your long and arduous devotion to the cause of freedom has cost you, have deemed it their privilege to reimburse a portion of them, as having been incurred in part on account of the United States. The principles that have marked your character will not permit you to oppose any objection to the discharge of so much of the national obligation to you as admits of it.—We are directed to express to you the confidence, as well as the request of the two Houses, that you will, by an acquiescence with their wishes in this respect, add another to the many and signal proofs you have afforded of your esteem for a people, whose esteem for you can never cease until they have ceased to prize the liberty they enjoy, and emulate the virtues by which it was acquired.—We have only to subjoin an expression of our gratification in being the organs of this communication, and of the distinguished personal respect with which we are,

Your obedient servants,  
SAMUEL SMITH, Committee  
ROBERT Y. HAYNE, of  
D. BOULIGNY, the Senate.  
WM. S. ARCHER, Committee  
S. VAN RANSSELAER, of the  
PHILIP S. MARKLEY, House of Rep.  
Washington Jan. 1, 1825.

### GENERAL LAFAYETTE'S REPLY.

Washington, Jan. 1, 1825.

**Gentlemen of the Committee of both Houses of Congress:** The immense and unexpected gifts which in addition to former and considerable bounties, it has pleased Congress to confer upon me, calls for the warmest acknowledgments of an old American soldier and adopted son of the United States—two titles dearer to my heart than all the treasures of the world.

However proud I am of every sort of obligation received from the people of the United States and their Representatives in Congress, the large extent of this benefit might have created in my mind feelings of hesitation, not inconsistent, I hope, with those of the most grateful reverence. But the so very kind resolution of both Houses, delivered by you, gentlemen, in terms of equal kindness, precludes all other sentiments but those of the lively and profound gratitude of which, in respectfully accepting the munificent favor, I have the honor to beg you will be the organ.

Permit me, also, gentlemen, to join a tender of my affectionate personal thanks to the expression of the highest respect, with which I have the honor to be

Your obedient servant,  
LAFAYETTE.

### HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

TUESDAY, January 11.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE ON HIS OWN AFFAIRS,  
[Which was published in our last.]

Mr. ISCHAM moved to refer this message to a select committee.

A long debate and discussion ensued, the report of which occupies nearly seven columns of the National Intelligencer, and in which Messrs. Bartlett, Ingham, Brent, Mercer, M'Lane, M'Coy, Livermore, Hamilton, Cocke, A Stevenson, Buchanan, Trimble, Farrelly, Reynolds, Forsyth, Livingston, Mangum, Ellis, Warrfield, McDuffe, and Lincoln, participated.

The debate took a wide range, and was at times very able and eloquent, and at others independent. The main point of controversy was, Whether the Message should be referred to a Select Committee, or to the Committee of Claims; or part be referred to the Committee of Claims, part to the Committee of Foreign Relations, and part to a special Committee.—All these references were advocated, while some of the members thought it ought to lie on the table, and not be committed at all. It was made a question with some of the speakers, which of the references would be the most respectful to the Public Functionary who had made the communication, as it was due to him; that the most respectful should be adopted.—

This was opposed by others, who declared, that no preference ought to be given to it over that of the humblest applicant. It may be remarked, the speakers were unanimous in the expression of veneration for the long, eminent, and successful services of the President in the cause of his country. Most of the gentlemen professed their inability to discover the real object of the communication; and, of course, what measures to adopt in regard to it. Its magnanimity and independence was eulogised by some, and its necessity to sustain his reputation advocated by others.—But some declared it was not necessary, either for his reputation, which no one deemed assailable, nor for his interest; while one gentleman declared it "to be one of the strangest applications ever sent to Congress;" As to its object, one gentleman remarked, that it referred to matters of different kinds.—Another, that it involved considerations of a very delicate nature; and another, that the principal causes of its presentation were the groundless insinuations which were thrown out in the House last year, when some of the accounts of the President were alluded to; and which motives of delicacy and magnanimity had induced the President to withhold alluding to them now, lest it should be thought that the influence of the Chief Magistrate might have an undue effect in the investigation. Some thought its object to be to obtain a settlement of long standing accounts, before the President retired to private life, that it might appear upon an investigation, while he was present to furnish

facts and documents, whether he was indebted to the government, or had claims on it; and if found to be a debtor, that he might have an opportunity to discharge the obligation, and have the evening of his life undisturbed by even the breath of suspicion. Others intimated, that the object of the scrutiny invited was not a pecuniary settlement; at least not, at present, as the President expressly declares that he will not sign any bill in his own favor. Others contended that the claims alluded to in the Message, were for services rendered abroad, and for expenditures made in such services, the adjustment of which, some years since, had been injuriously and partially withheld; and which the easy generosity of the President, and his well known disregard of money, would not permit him to urge to a conclusion. Others thought, that all the President wished, was a full display of the facts relating to his accounts, and his claims, to be made while he was able to attend to them, without being called from his private retreat so to do, and those facts to remain for future decision on them. As these views prevailed, various references of the subject was advocated.—The motion to refer the Message to a Select Committee of seven members, however, was eventually carried without a decision.—A previous question, to instruct the Committee to receive from the President any evidences or explanation of his claims which he may think proper to present, and to report the same to the House, was decided—For the instructions 90.—Against them 70.—C. Cen.

[The following are the remarks of the Hon. E. Lincoln, in the above debate.]

Mr. LINCOLN entertained no doubt but that the most rigid scrutiny into the transactions, referred to by the President, would redound to the honor of that elevated officer. But the question was as to the propriety of accompanying the commitment of the message to a select committee, with instructions. Were it referred to a standing committee, the House would know what course it might expect such a committee to take, in relation to the subject. The House had every confidence in the discretion of its standing committees, and were acquainted with the forms and customary modes of proceeding in those committees. But, said Mr. L. should we commit the subject to a committee without instructions, we do not know, with the same clearness, the views which will actuate and guide that committee. Mr. L. knew it was the opinion of many members in this House, and of many persons out of it, that when a citizen had served his country long and faithfully in important trusts, it was just that he should not retire without receiving some distinguished and signal mark of the public gratitude. He presumed no such purpose was entertained now; if it was, it should be presented distinctly. Mr. L. did not view this as a question of particular delicacy. It was an affair of business, which might, without any impropriety, go to a standing committee. But, if not—if it was thought more proper, or respectful, to refer it to a select committee, let the sense or wishes of the House go with it, in the shape of instructions. I, said Mr. L. feel no distrust of any committee, or any member of this House. We, are all, I hope, honorable men. But governments were established on the presumption of the imperfection of human discretion, and human honesty. If men were perfect, why any laws? why juries? why any tribunals, for exacting justice? Why not say to all, Do what is right—we fear not injustice, or indiscipline? For my part, said Mr. L. though feeling every proper confidence in the members of this body, I do not think an election to this House an indubitable certificate of honesty and discretion, or a proof that a member's views must necessarily be correct. Why should the House, composed of so many, give up its judgment, and the power of deciding, to so small a portion of it, as a committee of five or six? Why not the whole House judge for itself, and then say to the committee to which it delegates the investigation. We think you should be limited to a certain extent, in the fulfilment of the will of the whole? Mr. L. thought the limitations, or instructions, proposed by the gentleman from Georgia, were, in fact, coniformable with the intentions of the President himself; and he really could see nothing exceptional in them, whatever.

In another view of this subject, said Mr. L. though it presents no question of delicacy in regard to the President—being a mere affair of business—yet it does present a question of delicacy in regard to ourselves. It was well known that the people had always apprehended danger to the purity of this House, from a subserviency to Presidential influence. This arose from the great patronage of the President, and from so many of the Representatives always looking to him for office, for themselves or their friends. We know that members of this House have often heretofore been applicants to the President for office; we know that some of them now are. Such applications were viewed by the people with jealous eyes; and we should be cautious, said Mr. L. to give no color to the suspicion of improper influence, in the present case, by the manner in which we act on this subject. There is danger of corruption should we go far beyond what justice claims, and confer by favor on a President what could not be claimed as a right. Such a course would lead to the danger hereafter of mutual corruption between the President and this House.

Mr. L. in this point of view, deemed the question of vital importance, as it involved the purity of the representative character. His own opinion was, that the matter ought not to be acted on here at all; that it had better go to the Supreme Court, to a Comptroller, to an Auditor—to any other tribunal for investigation; while he was present to furnish

but as it was before the House, he wished it to be disposed of in a manner compatible with duty, with justice, and with the character of the House. These were his opinions; and, averse as he always was to obtruding his views on the House, he could not do less on this occasion, than submit the brief remarks he had made on the subject.

The following gentlemen constitute the Committee: MESSRS. INGHAM, SAUNDERS, POINTSETT, F. JOHNSON, HAYDEN, TOMLINSON, and SLOANE.

### RECENT OMISSIONS.

**TREASURY REPORT.** By the annual report of Mr. Secretary Crawford, it appears that the funded debt of the United States on the 1st of January, 1825, was \$86,045,003.39. On the first of January, 1824, the National Debt was \$90,176,14.90; and during that year the Florida and Spanish Claims stock was added to the debt, notwithstanding which there has been a reduction of upwards of 4 millions of the national debt since January 1, 1824. The Secretary calculates that in case the U. S. States should not be previously engaged in war, that all the National Debt will be paid on the 1st day of January, 1835.

**Daring attempt at Villainy.**—On the evening of Friday the 3d inst. an assembly was convened for the purpose of divine worship at the house of Mr. Ephraim Cooley in South Brookfield. When engaged in their solemn devotions to God, they were shocked by the heavy report of a musket without, near the house. Three gentlemen immediately went out. They discovered three persons, at a little distance, making their escape with great haste. The gentlemen, not apprised of all that had been done, and apprehending no further interruption, returned. The religious exercises were regularly closed. After the congregation had retired, the family discovered that the leg of their table was split. Mr. Cooley, on further examination, found to his astonishment and surprise, that a *musket ball*, with savage barbarity, and without respect to him, his wife his children, or his friends, had been shot through the door, within three or four feet of myself and a number of others—within 18 inches of Mr. Cooley—struck and split the table leg—then crossed the room, passing within eight inches of Mrs. Richards, penetrated the two first, and lodging in the third fold of a clothes frame doubled up and standing on the opposite side. I am thankful to state, that the kind providence of God preserved the lives of the family and congregation, in this moment of imminent danger. It is understood that a number of the respectable citizens of Brookfield are taking prompt measures to detect and bring the ruffians to justice. *Springfield Republican.*

A letter from Shiraz states, that more than half that town was swallowed up by the earthquake in August last, and the houses of the other half were thrown down. All the inhabitants were victims to this catastrophe, hardly five hundred being saved. The earthquake was severely felt at Bushire, and at Kazroun nearly all the inhabitants were swallowed up.—*B.M.*

### HYMENAL AND OBITUARY.

#### MARRIED.

In Minot, by Charles Moody, Esq. Dr. John Atkinson, of Newbury, (Mass.) to Miss Sally Crooker, of the former place; by Wm. Lowell, Esq. Mr. Samuel Hibborn, to Miss Nancy Noyes; Mr. John Proctor, to Miss Sally T. Staton.

In Waterford, by Rev. John A. Douglass, Col. John Atherton, to Miss Harriet Atherton; Mr. Thomas Sawin, to Miss Sarah Johnson; by Rev. Josiah Shaw, Mr. Almon Howard, to Miss Nancy Brown; Mr. John Dodge, to Miss Jane Kimball; Mr. Ezra Haskell, of Sweden, to Miss Elvira Brown, of Waterford.

In Dixfield, by Henry Waite, Esq. Mr. David Far-  
rar, Jr. to Miss Cynthia Waterman, both of Buckfield.  
In this town, on Sunday last, by Rev. James Hooper,  
Mr. Daniel Young, of Norway, to Miss Elvira Brett.

#### DIED.

In Hebron, Mrs. Susannah, wife of Mr. Job Morton, aged 40.

At New-Gloucester, Isaac Parsons, a graduate of Bowdoin College, and a member of the Theological School at Cambridge. By this event, high expectations have been disappointed. An accomplished scholar, a diligent student, and possessing an unusual degree of solidity, modesty and independence, he promised to become an important accession and a distinguished ornament to the profession he had embraced. Drowned in Winthrop, on Sunday morning, the 19th Dec. Hannah Wheeler, daughter of James Wheeler, aged 12. She had been missing about 5 minutes, when she was found in a well of about 7 feet water.

In Sutton, July, 1819, Mr. William Darling, in the 89th year of his age. On the 15th ult. Widow Rachel Darling, consort of Mr. William Darling, in the 85th year of her age.—Posterior supposed to be living at this time, 13 children, 120 grand-children, 72 great-grand-children—total, 205, and some of the fifth generation.

#### DEATHS IN NORWAY FOR FIVE YEARS.

Mr. Burton—I send you a statement of the deaths in the town of Norway between January 1, 1820, and January 1, 1825, a period of five years. Those of your subscribers who live in that town may like to see it in your paper. The population of Norway at the taking of the last census was thirteen hundred and thirty souls.

1820, thirteen deaths, eight of whom were adults.  
1821, nine deaths, three adults.  
1822, seven deaths, five adults.  
1823, thirty-one deaths, four adults.  
1824, eighteen deaths, five adults.  
Aggregate, for five years, seventy-eight deaths—twenty-five adults and fifty-three children of different ages.

Of the above nineteen died of dysentery, fourteen of fevers, eight of consumption; three of quinsy, three of whooping cough, seven of fits, one of cholera, one suicide, one child-bed, one scrofula, three mortification, two cancer. The diseases, which terminated the lives of the residue, are not known.

1825, a subscriber.

Norway, January 25, 1825.

### SALE AT AUCTION.

**ADMINISTRATRIX'S SALE.**  
BY VIRTUE of a license from the Hon. Benjamin Chandler, Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford:

Will be sold at Public Auction, on the second Tuesday of March next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, on the premises, so much of the home-  
stead **EARL OF CALEB PARK**, late of Dixfield, in said County, yeoman, deceased, as will produce the sum of two hundred dollars, for the payment of the just debts which he owed at the time of his death, and incidental charges.

Conditions of sale made known at the time and place of sale.

RUTH PARK, Administratrix.

Dixfield, Jan. 12, 1825.

3w 30

**G. C. LYFORD;**  
At the CHEAP STORE, Court-Street, Portland,  
**HAS JUST RECEIVED**, 15 Packages **FRESH**  
GOODS, which, with his former stock, will be sold very low. Among the **BARGAINS**, are  
2000 yds. stout Brown SHEETINGS, at 12 1-2 cts.  
2500 yds. fine do. do. 14 & 15 cts.  
700 yds. coarse do. SHIRTINGS, 9 cts.  
750 yds. stout do. do. 12 1-2 cts.  
10 dozen plain MUSLIN HANDKERCHIEFS, from 12 1-2 to 20 cents.  
14 dozen figured MUSLIN HANDKERCHIEFS, from 12 1-2 to 20 cents.  
1 yard square, at 25 cents each.  
1 bale AMERICAN GINGHAM, at 25 cents each.  
Light and dark ENGLISH GINGHAM, Calico width, at 12 1-2 cents.  
4-4 Cord. PINK GINGHAM, at 25 cents.  
Narrow White FLANNELS, at 12 1-2 cts to 12.  
Red FLANNELS, from 25 cts. to 22. 6d.  
100 CASSIMERE SHAWLS, from 75. 6d. to \$3 25  
100 pieces plain and figured BOMBAZETTS.

ALSO.  
Blue, Black, Mixt and Drab Broadcloths;  
Black and Mixt Cassimères; Ladies' Blue, and Drab Habit Cloths; Satinets, fine assortment; Caroline and Scotch Plaids; Calicos; Copper-plates; Muslins; Cambrics; Vestings; Silk and Worsted Hosiery; Black Nankin and Canton Crapes; Double Chain Black and Colored Levantines; Black Sinchaws and Sarsnetts; Changeable and Figured Silks; Norwich and Italian Crapes; an excellent assortment Gloves; Irish Linens; Long Lawns; Linen Cambrics; Black and White Silk Laces; Thread; Bobbinet and Mechlin Laces; Real Merino Shawls; White and Mantles; Raw Silk and Worsted Mantles; White and Green Gauze Veils; White and Black Lace Veils; Ribbons; Tapes; Bobbins; Paper and Box Pins; Cotton Batting; Pelisse Wadding; Gimp; Cord Plushes; Habit Buttons; Frogs, &c. &c. &c.  
Portland, January 17, 1825.

30 8w

**MAINE REGISTER FOR 1825.**  
JUST PUBLISHED and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, THE MAINE REGISTER, for 1825.

**CANDLES FOR SALE.**  
GOOD CANDLES, at 12 1-2 cents per pound, for sale by Asa Barton, Agent.

**IMPERIAL ITCH-OINTMENT.**  
CONSTANTLY on hand, and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, IMPERIAL ITCH-OINTMENT.

## POETRY.

**NEW-YEAR'S ADDRESS.** The extracts below are from an Address, which was received too late to come in competition with others which were kindly proffered for the Observer. Its extreme length, being upwards of 200 lines, precludes its insertion in an entire form, at this time; and must form an excuse for the garbled situation in which it appears.

Hail! hearts of feeling, that arrive,  
To eighteen hundred twenty-five.  
May they in generous plenty live,  
Who strive to gain and love to give;  
And cherub hope in vision soar,  
From eighteen hundred twenty-four,  
Till every head and heart be thrill'd,  
And in fruition's lap be fill'd.  
Reflecting gratitude impart  
The impulse of a feeling heart,  
First be your tribute to the Lord;  
Your fold is stord'd, your garner stord'd;  
Plenty swells the board with cheer;  
United hail a happy year.  
Ceres, your cymbals raise again;  
Sylvans bear them o'er the plain;  
Famous' full overflowing store  
Participates the joyful shore;  
And distant nations smile to see  
Proud Neptune wing it o'er the sea.

Rehearsal, just epitomize  
How Europe, Afric, Asia lies.  
Lewis with his iather sleeps,  
And France her peaceful tenor keeps.  
Another Bourbon Charles, she bears,  
Not hardly ripe, as yet, for wars.  
He looks good nat'r'd: Gallic dine,  
And fiddle o'er your frogs and wine;  
Crack a few years your jests and jokes,  
And try to live like other folks.  
A feather in your cap to gain,  
Withdrew your troops from beggar'd Spain.  
Give Ferdinand nor aid, nor help;  
Give h'm the leave to hang himself;  
Be just and generous, give him scope,  
Mercy it self will find the rope.  
Spain yet rears some noble souls,  
As can be found between the Poles.  
Nerv'd by their arm, may tyrants feel  
The value of the Patriot steel;  
May their bright poinard never rust,  
Till Inquisition sink in dust.

Shades of Thermopyla, as erst,  
When spirits from their thraldom burst,  
Speak, and declare to every realm,  
Why he cleft not the Turkish helm.  
Brave sons of Greece, you now declare,  
What your boasted fathers were;  
Roused into ancient pride;  
Heroes, the Gods are on your side.  
Neptune's trident rules the sea,  
For Greece, for conquest, liberty.  
Strike the steady blow once more;  
Sink or strand them on the shore.  
Strike, and complete the fatal work,  
That every shark may feast on Turk.  
Now let the world a Nelson see,  
Leonidas is found in thee.  
If Europe will not aid bestow,  
Go single handed, lay them low;  
Be David and Sampson found,  
Unshaken on your classic ground.  
Columbia's bounty you shall share,  
In wish, each heart a Byron there.

But stop my muse, nor wildly roam,  
And come a little nearer home.  
Four years my friends have queried me,  
Who the next President would be?  
Question important—all must strut  
From Senate chamber to log hut,  
To give opinion; tell the news;  
Some to exalt and some abuse.  
Many have made the question clear,  
By whiskey, cider, ale or beer.  
Which shall prevail, which last the longest,  
Must be submitted to the strongest,  
At length the States in labor fell,  
And proved Nature's proverb well.  
Prov'd it true, as rifle gun,  
None equal to a mother's son.  
If he won't run to please the Nation,  
Then surely take the next relation.  
Sons of the North and Yankee Madams,  
Found none so good as Quincy Adams.  
New-York, that holds the Nation's key,  
Knew hardly what she ought to be.  
Yes, she, who taps the Western fountains,  
Runs navigation o'er the Mountains,  
And shews Columbia can with ease.  
Sail inland, any where she pleases,  
Whether to unlock the West.  
Whether North, or South were best:  
But fond of yankee beef and broth,  
First tried the ward, that bars the North.  
The key, she somewhat slyly plied,  
To shew she understood her trade.  
She tamper'd with the South and West,  
To find if double words were best,  
A section of the Middle States.  
Knew hardly where to place their rates.  
The old Dominion made her mouth  
For something good from West or South;  
Finding she would stand alone,  
If she voted for her own.

She, you know, great Statesmen raises,  
One whips his slaves, one horse grazes,  
One makes good laws, one wrong is righting;  
Jockies for races and cock fighting.  
The brightest gem her banners bear,  
Some great in arms, some fools in war.  
The hunting States have not forgotten,  
How Jackson fought behind the cotton.  
Kentucky, true, as others may,  
Has stuck herself fast into Clay.  
The South likes Crawford's fighting fashion;  
The North dislikes to kill in passion.  
Should Representatives once more  
Have to camp on Congress floor,  
To spend the day and spend the night  
At setting jarred interest right;  
And States decide, who next must rule:  
They let us, rear'd in Freedom's school,  
Cheerful submit; the world shall see  
They're gaundling boughs of Freedom's tree.  
On land or ocean, course our trip,  
Swear never to give up the ship.

Attractive power of Freedom's law,  
Man unto man in union draw,  
Long as the needle seeks the Pole,  
Long as Nature's Systems roll.

**IMMORTAL FRIENDSHIP,**  
There is a calm that dwells within,  
Curdled by the care of life;  
That needs not all the senseless din  
Which rings throughout this scene of strife,  
It springs from this—beyond this scene,  
We know immortal friendships bloom.

## POETRY.

## MORALITY.

From the Philadelphia Evening Post.  
**ON CURSING AND SWEARING**

The custom of cursing and swearing, which has long prevailed, and which has risen to an alarming climax among all classes of people here, is not only indecent and unpolite, but wicked, as it takes away the reverence and awe which are due to a legal oath; and I doubt not but many persons, in a circuit of years, have forsaken themselves through the trifling value which they place on an oath.—When men are countenanced by each other in using the most shocking and astounding execrations on the most frivolous occasions, and in swearing by the Deity without any provocation the solemnity and religious sense which ought to attend the act of legal swearing vanishes; and such persons as are not habituated to religious or philosophical speculations, treat the form of administering an oath with as much careless indifference as they would any common and familiar act.

The old and justly celebrated English dramatic Poet, in his play called "As you like it," represented man in one of his stages of life, as

Full of strange oaths.

Shakspeare has indeed, drawn a common swearer like a savage in what follows,

—Bearded like a bard;  
Sudden and quick in quarrel.

I cannot without indignation and surprise hear men, whose birth, education, and stations in life, should raise their minds above the vulgar, utter such oaths and curses as would even disgrace the lowest horde of humanity; pluming themselves on the notion, that this makes them appear manly and terrible, while, on the contrary, it renders them unmanly and contemptible.

Being in a family a few weeks ago, I heard a young girl utter expressions which border on cursing; I was surprised to hear such words from the lips of innocence, for I truly believe she said nothing from any bitterness of heart; but my wonder ceased when I heard her mamma use the same words, and her father curse and swear without reserve—for a good wife is always ready and willing to imitate a fond and affectionate husband, and a dutiful child thinks she can do nothing better than follow the example of a kind, indulgent father and mother.

Dr. Young has drawn a character of a young lady who was above the reserve, in her conversation, which is peculiar to her sex,

Thalestris triumphs in a manly mien,  
Loud is her accent, and her phrase obscene,  
In fair and open dealing where's the shame?  
What nature dares to give she dares to name,  
And now and then, to grace her eloquence,  
An oath supplies the vacancies of sense.

Such as see the hideous deformity of a character like this, will strive to merit a more amiable and beautiful one. **PHILO-WAYNE.**

## ELOQUENCE OF SHERLOCK.

Bishop Sherlock, in one of his sermons, has the following elegant passage, which is quoted by Mr. Blair, in his lectures on Rhetoric and belles lettres, as a remarkable fine example of the figure of personification. The author is comparing our Saviour with Mahomet:—

"Go (says he,) to your natural religion, lay before her, Mahomet and his disciples arrayed in armour and blood, riding in triumph over the spoils of thousands who fell by his victorious sword.—Show her the cities which he set in flames, the countries which he ravaged and destroyed, the miserable distress of all the inhabitants of the earth. When she has reviewed them in this scene, carry her into his retirement—show her the prophet's chamber; his concubines and his wives: and let him hear him allege revelation and a divine commission, to justify his adultery and lust. When she is tired of this prospect, then show her the blessed Jesus, humble, meek, doing good to the sons of men. Let her see him in the most retired privacies, and let her follow him to the mount and hear his devotion and supplications. Carry her to his table, to view his poor fare, and hear his heavenly discourse. Let her attend him to the tribunal, and consider the patience with which he endured the scoffs and reproaches of his enemies. Lead her to his cross; let her view him in the agony of death, and hear his last prayer for his persecutors; Father, forgive them for they know not what they do. When natural Religion has thus viewed both, ask her which is the prophet of God? But her answer we have already had, when she saw part of this scene through the eyes of the centurion, who attended at the cross. By him she spoke, and said, 'Truly this man was the son of God.'

This, says Blair, is more than elegant; it is truly sublime. The whole passage is animated; and the figure rises at the conclusion, when Natural Religion, who was before only a spectator, is introduced as speaking by the centurion's voice. It has the better effect too, that it occurs at the conclusion of a discourse, when we naturally look for most warmth and dignity.

**Reflection.**—There is a God. The plants of the valley, and the cedars of the mountain proclaim him; the insect hums his praise; the elephant salutes him with the rising day; the birds warble his praise among the foliage; the lightning announces his power; and the ocean declares his immensity. Man alone has said, 'there is no God.'—Chaterbriand.

That Goodness cannot be wanting in God, the want of which God condemns in his creatures: It springs from this—beyond this scene, which is as Imperfection below.

## ANECDOTAL.

A French priest, travelling, stopped at an inn, and directed the hostler to give his nag a feed of oats. When he was about to depart, he called the servant to him, and demanded whether the horse had been fed? and being answered in the affirmative, the second interrogatory was, whether he had not muzzled his mouth to prevent him from eating? This the hostler answered in the negative. "What! (continued the priest) did you not even grease his teeth, in order to make him feed slow, and by that means save half the oats?" "Bless me, no," exclaimed the hostler, "such a thing never entered my head." The priest being satisfied, mounted his nag and pursued his journey.—Some time after he was passing that way, he stopped at the same inn, and again directed the servant to feed his horse. When his horse was brought out for him to remount, the same interrogatories were propounded: "Did you not muzzle his mouth?" "No, on my life, father," said the servant, clapping his hand upon his breast. "Did you not grease his teeth?" inquired the priest. The servant grinned, but said nothing. "Answer me on your salvation," exclaimed the priest; "did you not grease his teeth?" The hostler hesitated, and looked confused, as the priest, grinning with rage, pressed the disagreeable question—"Did you not grease his teeth?" "Faith, father, I did," answered the hostler; "but do not get in a passion at me for you put me up to it. I tried the experiment upon the first horse that arrived at the inn after you left it, and finding it answered so well, have practiced it ever since."

Among the pupils of a boarding school, not many miles from Philadelphia, was a boy, not at all remarkable for being one of the bright ones, but on the contrary was a senseless stupid kind of a body, whose very appearance was destitute of animation. He was not of course very quick. Grammar, a study not the most inviting to boys of the best capacity and disposition. One day, whilst undergoing the operation of the class, the teacher endeavored to make him understand the nature and application of a passive verb. "A passive verb," said he, expresses the nature or receiving of an action, as Peter is beaten: now what did Peter do?" Numscull paused a moment, and scratching his head by way of aiding though with the gravest countenance imaginable replied, "Well, I don't know, without he told me."

**Revolutionary Anecdote.**—Richard Penn one of the proprietors, and of all the governors of Pennsylvania under the old regime, probably the most deservedly popular, in the commencement of the Revolution, (his brother John being at that time governor) was on the most familiar and intimate terms with a number of the most decided and influential whigs, and, on a certain occasion, being in company with several of them, a member of Congress observed, that such was the crisis "they must all hang together." "If you do not, gentlemen," said Mr. Penn, "I can tell you, that you will be very apt to hang separately."

An Irishman was asked if he would fight for a foreign crown; "Aye, or for a half crown either," said Paddy.

When Lord North married, somebody said, "It is very hot weather to marry so fat a bride;" George Selwin replied, "Oh! she was kept in ice for three days before."

A house having fallen down one day during a heavy gale of wind, a wit most provokingly congratulated the owner on his windfall. **English paper.**

A gentleman returning from hunting a few days ago, between Ongar and Epping, seeing a poor boy gathering sticks in a field, accosted him, "Hallo, Jack, which is the way to Epping?" The boy, whose name happened to be William, asked the gentleman how he knew his name was Jack. The gentleman's reply, was he guessed at it. "Well then," said the boy, "guess your way to Epping."—**English paper.**

**Misery.** Crossing a street in a dark night, instead of keeping the walk, the shins come in close contact with a wood-pile—64 groans and a quarter.

**Definition of a Conundrum.**—Dr. Cogan says, that the studied confusion of ideas, may in some connections, be productive of wit—and of "such stuff, conundrums are made."

For example, if it be asked  
Why is a man in the upper part of a house committing theft, like a man of the strictest virtue?

The Answer is,  
Because he is above, committing a bad action.  
Here is confusion of ideas, enough to satisfy any lover of conundrums, produced by inserting a single comma.

The late melancholy mutiny on board the ship **Globe**, has operated like a firebrand at the tail of **Perseus**, and set many an unfeigned poet to scrambling up the steeps of **Apollon's** mount. Among the **verses** which the event has elicited, we have been favored with "a poem," the moral of which we publish for the author's satisfaction, viz.

May this a warning be  
to all young men who fall the sea  
let your correction be ever so severe  
Bare with patients and stout mutineers."

[*Nantucket Inquirer.*]

**PIGRAM.**  
My sickly spouse with many a sigh,  
O! tell me—*Billy*, I shall die!  
I grieve'd, but recollect straight,  
I'm bootless—to contend with fate;  
So resignation to Heaven's will  
Prepared for me succoring ill;  
Twas well it did, for, on my life,  
Twas Heaven's will—to spare my wife,

One sharp frosty day his present Majesty, when Prince of Wales, went into the Trached House Tavern, and ordered a beef steak; but the weather being very cold, desired the waiter to bring him first a glass of brandy and water. He emptied that in a twinkling, then a second, then a third. "Now," said his Royal Highness, "I am warm and comfortable: bring me my steak." On this Mr. Sheridan, who was present, wrote the following impromptu:

The Prince came in and said 'twas cold,  
Then put his head the humor;  
Till scald after scald came,  
When he pronounc'd it summer.

Charles the second in a gay moment, asked Rochester to write his Epitaph; which he did immediately, as follows:

Here lies the mutton-eating King,  
Whose word no man relied on;  
Who never said a foolish thing,  
Nor ever did a wise one.

Charles, who could always relish a joke, on being shewn this epitaph, wrote the following comment upon it:

If death would speak, the King would say,  
In justice to his crown,  
His acts they were the Ministers',  
His words they were his own.

## SALE AT AUCTION.

### EXECUTOR'S SALE.

**TO BE SOLD** at Public Auction, pursuant to a license from the Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, on **Wednesday the ninth day of February**, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, at the **Cock House**, in Paris, so much of the Real Estate of **John Gore**, late of Boston, in the County of Suffolk, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Esquire, deceased, as will produce the sum of sixty-one thousand four dollars, for the payment of debts and legacies of said deceased, and incidental charges.

The Real Estate to be sold, consists of

**TEN THOUSAND ACRES OF LAND**, lying in common and undivided in township Number Seven, in the County of Oxford aforesaid, and adjoining the town of Rumford.

Conditions of sale to be made known at the time and place of sale.

Said township is settling fast, and contains a population of more than two hundred inhabitants, and a good road is now made through the town.

**CHRISTOPHER GOPE**, and **SAMUEL GORE**, *Executors*, *By PETER C. VIRGIN*, *their Attorney*.

Jan. 17, 1825. 3w B

### HAT STORE REMOVED.

#### J. WASKILL

**H**AS REMOVED from Exchange-Street, to No. 2, **Bond's Buildings**, Middle-Street, second door from Exchange-Street; where he has just opened a Prime assortment of

**Gentlemen's, youth's and children's HATS**, of various qualities and manufactory;

**Gentlemen's, youth's, and children's FUR CAPS**, various prices;

**Ladies' and Misses BEAVER BONNETS** and **Chinchilla Caps**, **Fur Trimmings, &c.**

**Gentlemen's GLOVES** and **UMBRELLAS**.

Also—a few bales **BUFFALO ROBES**.

—The above were selected by himself, expressly for retailing, and will be sold at a small advance for **CASH**.

Particular attention will be paid to orders and any article, sent upon an order, which should not fit, may be returned and exchanged, or the money will be refunded.

\* \* \* CASH will be paid as above for

**1000 Prime FOX SKINS**.

PORTLAND, Dec. 9, 1824. (24 3mep.)

### COLLEGE LANDS.

**F**OR SALE, by the subscriber, the following lots of **LAND**, belonging to Harvard College, viz:

**IN FRYEBURG.**  
Lot 44, 1st Division, 58 acres.  
" 22, 2nd do. 54 do.  
" 10, 3d do. 50 do.  
" 18, 5th do. about 75 do.

**IN LIVEMORE.**

Lot 70, 100 acres. Lot 149, 100 acres.

**IN RUMFORD.**

Lot 16, 1st Division, 80 acres.

" 38, 2nd do. 100 do.

" 47, 3d do. 148 do.

**IN JAY.</b**